

LELA DOWLING'S
Alice



BASED ON THE BOOK BY
LEWIS CARROLL
ABOUT COMICS

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ALICE

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ALICE

ART BY LELA DOWLING

BASED ON THE BOOK
BY LEWIS CARROLL

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AND L. LOIS BUHALIS

EDITED BY LEX NAKASHIMA

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"ALICE"

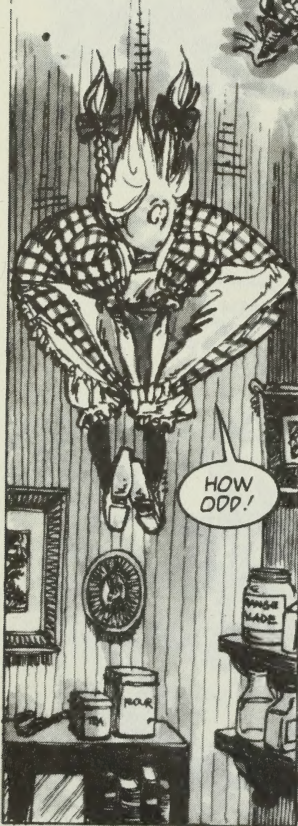
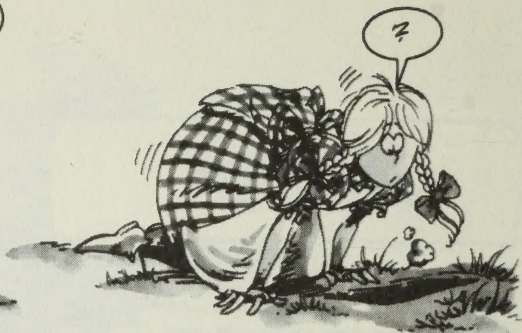
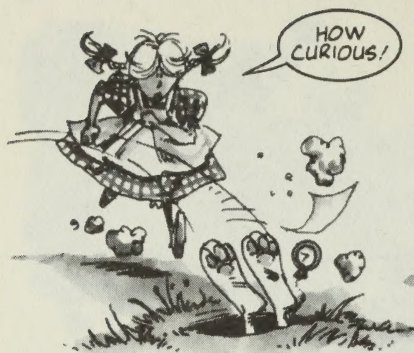
ALICE WAS BEGINNING TO GET VERY TIRED OF SITTING BY HER SISTER ON THE BANK, AND OF HAVING NOTHING TO DO ONCE OR TWICE SHE HAD PEEPED INTO THE BOOK HER SISTER WAS READING, BUT IT HAD NO PICTURES OR CONVERSATIONS IN IT.

A
RABBIT!

OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR!
HOW LATE I SHALL BE!

WITH A
POCKET
WATCH?

Oh, MY
EARS AND
WHISKERS!





HMM.



I WONDER HOW MANY
MILES I'VE FALLEN
BY THIS TIME?



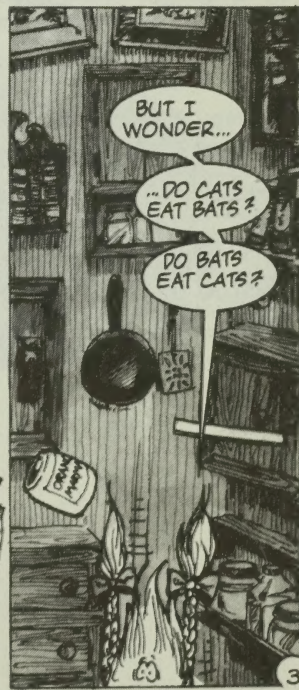
AFTER A FALL LIKE
THIS, I SHALL THINK
NOTHING OF TUMBLING
DOWN STAIRS.



I WISH MY
CAT, DINAH,
WERE HERE.



THERE ARE NO MICE
IN THE AIR, BUT SHE
MIGHT CATCH A BAT.



BUT I
WONDER...

...DO CATS
EAT BATS?

DO BATS
EAT CATS?



UMF!

LOCKED!

LOCKED!

AND
LOCKED
AGAIN!

OH DEAR, THESE
DOORS! I NEED
SOME SORT OF
DEVICE TO OPEN
THESE CONTRARY
DOORS!





NO, I'LL LOOK FIRST.
Hmmm, IT'S NOT MARKED
"POISON."



WHAT A
DELIGHTFUL
FLAVOR!

WHAT A
CURIOUS
FEELING!



I HOPE
IT ENDS
SOON...

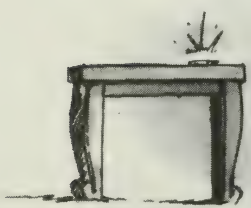


...OR IT
MIGHT
END...

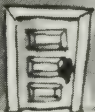
...IN MY
GOING OUT
ALTOGETHER...

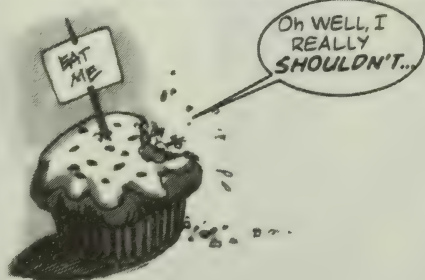
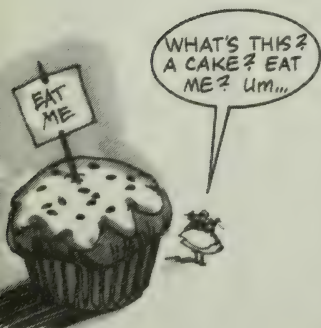
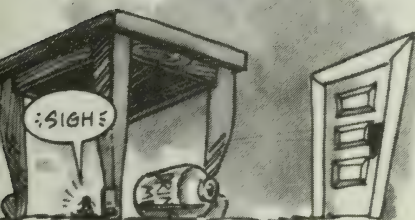
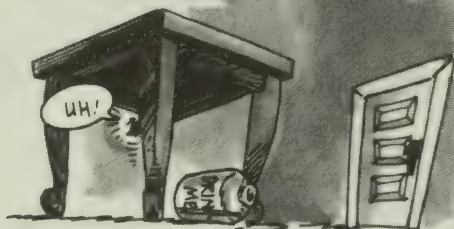
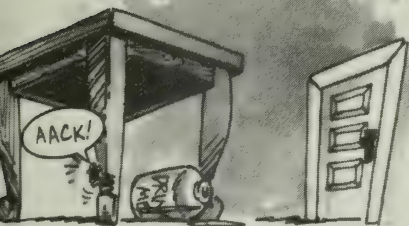
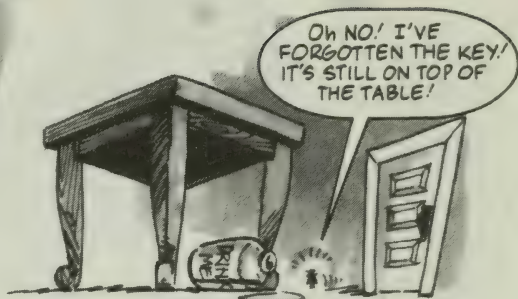
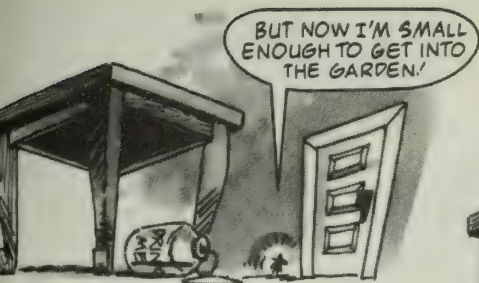


...LIKE
A...



... CANDLE!



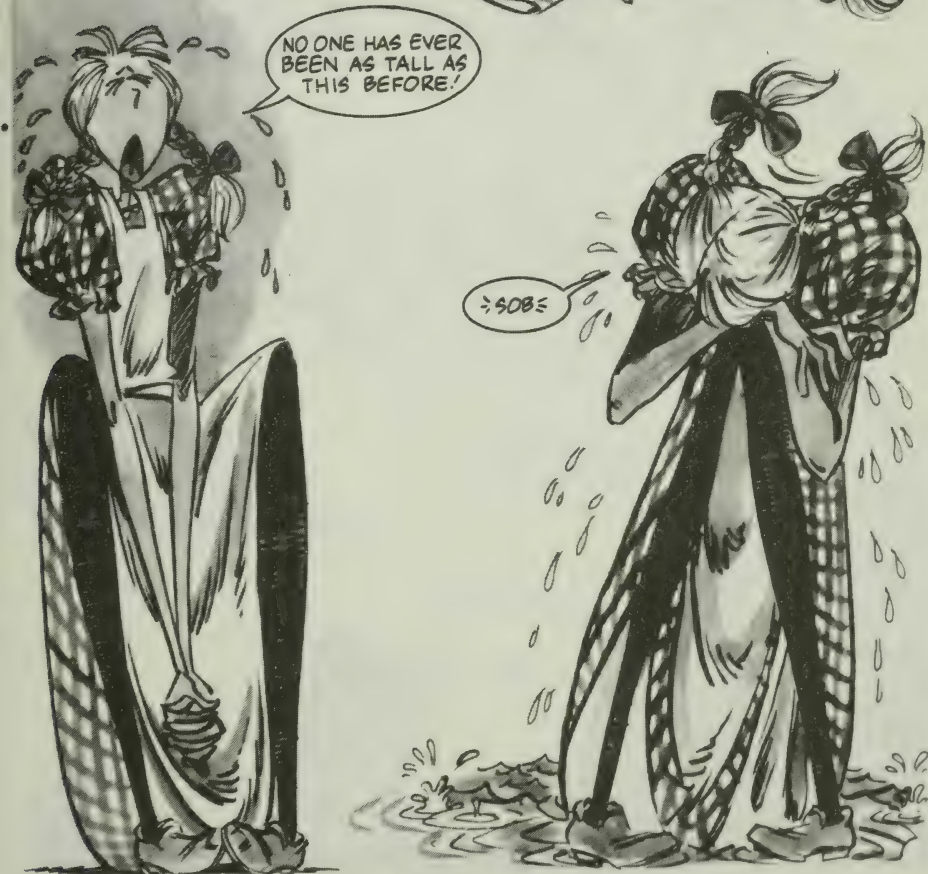


CURIOUSER
AND
CURIOUSER!
I'M OPENING
OUT LIKE THE
LARGEST
TELESCOPE
THAT EVER
WAS!
GOODBYE,
FEET!

Oh, my poor little feet.
I wonder who will put on
your shoes and stockings
for you now, dear?

BUT NOW
I CAN REACH
THE KEY!









I'LL SEE IF I KNOW
ALL THE THINGS I USED
TO KNOW.

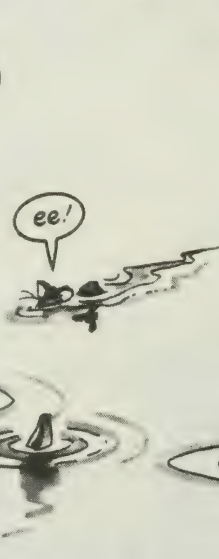
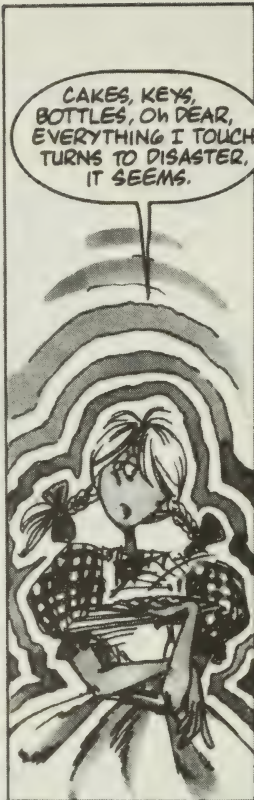
"HOW BOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE
IMPROVE HIS SHINING TAIL,
AND POUR THE WATERS
OF THE NILE
ON EVERY
GOLDEN SCALE!"



"HOW CHEERFULLY HE SEEMS TO GRIN,
HOW NEATLY SPREADS HIS CLAWS,
AND WELCOMES LITTLE FISHES IN
WITH GENTLY SMILING JAWS!"

I'M SURE THOSE
ARE NOT THE RIGHT
WORDS.





O MOUSE, DO YOU KNOW
THE WAY OUT OF THIS
POOL?

lp.

I AM VERY TIRED
OF SWIMMING ABOUT
HERE, O MOUSE.

ee.

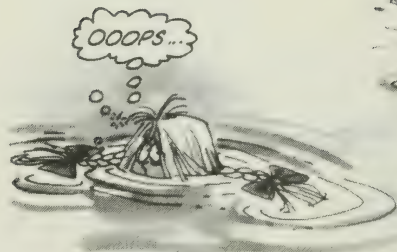
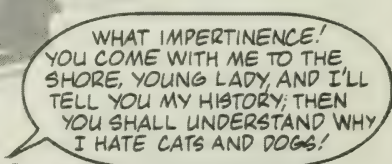
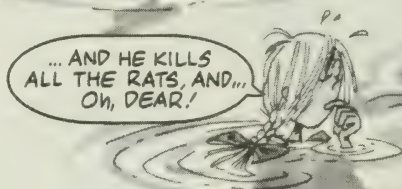
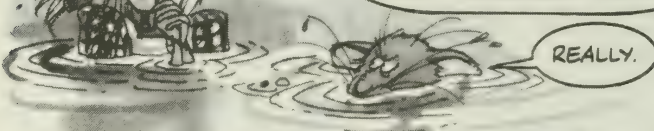
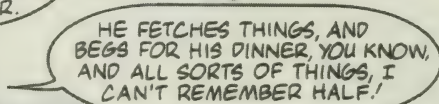
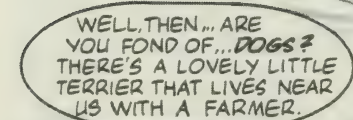
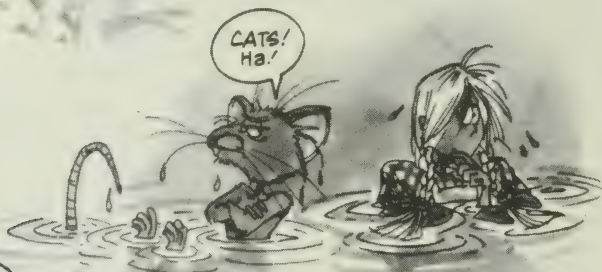
PERHAPS IT DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND ENGLISH. I
DARESAY IT'S A FRENCH
MOUSE, COME OVER WITH
WILLIAM THE CONQUERER.
LET ME SEE.

ee.
ee.

UM, ... OU EST
MA CHATTE?

GAK!

OH, I BEG YOUR
PARDON! I QUITE
FORGOT YOU DON'T
LIKE CATS!

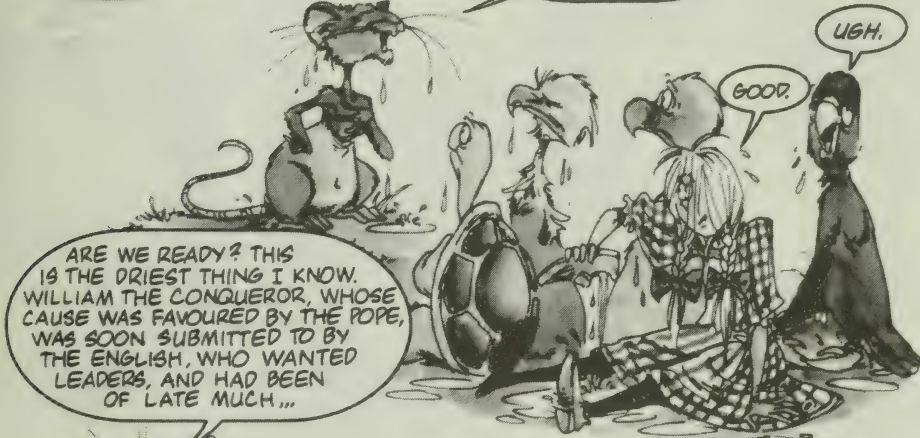




SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU,
AND LISTEN TO ME ...



... AND I'LL SOON
MAKE YOU ALL DRY
ENOUGH.



ARE WE READY? THIS
IS THE DRIEST THING I KNOW.
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, WHOSE
CAUSE WAS FAVOURED BY THE POPE,
WAS SOON SUBMITTED TO BY
THE ENGLISH, WHO WANTED
LEADERS, AND HAD BEEN
OF LATE MUCH ...

UGH.

GOOD.



I'M
WET.

YOU'RE
A CRAB.

... ACCUSTOMED TO USURPATION AND CONQUEST.
EDWIN AND MORCAR, THE EARLS OF MERCIA AND...

WILL YOU
PLEASE
BE QUIET?!

BUT, IT'S
UNPLEASANT!?

...NORTHUMBRIA,
DECLARED FOR
HIM; AND EVEN
STIGAND, THE
PATRIOTIC
ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY,
FOUND IT
ADVISABLE TO
GO WITH EDGAR
ATHELING
TO MEET...

YOU'RE
INDIGENOUS
TO WATER!

WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN?!

ACK! I'M
DRIPPING!

...WILLIAM AND
OFFER HIM THE
CROWN. WILLIAM'S
CONDUCT AT FIRST
WAS MODERATE.
BUT THE INSOLENCE
OF HIS
NORMANS...

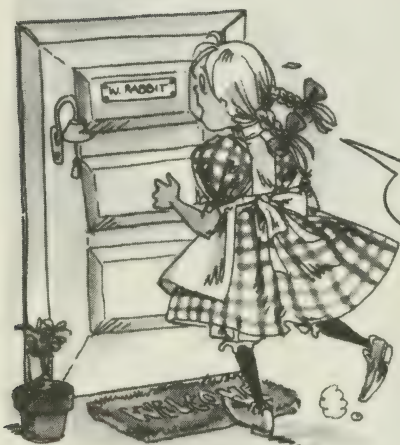
WHAT?!

I'VE CAUGHT A
COLD. I'M SURE
OF IT.









UH...

HE TOOK ME
FOR HIS
HOUSEMAID!

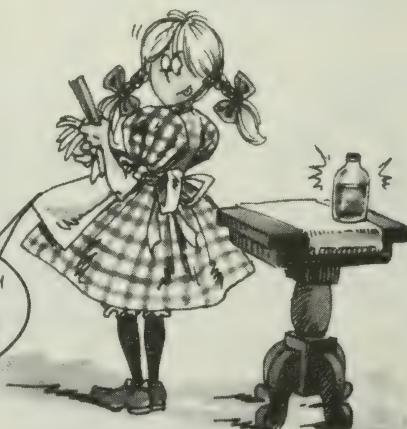


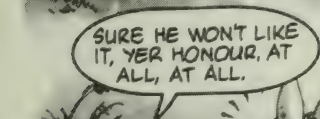
HOW SURPRISED
HE'LL BE WHEN
HE FINDS OUT WHO
I REALLY AM, WHO-
EVER THAT IS.

AH, THERE THEY
ARE, RIGHT NEXT
TO THAT...LITTLE...
BOTTLE...



I HAVEN'T HAD
MUCH SUCCESS WITH
BOTTLES TODAY, AND
YET...I WOULD LIKE
TO BE A LITTLE
LARGER.

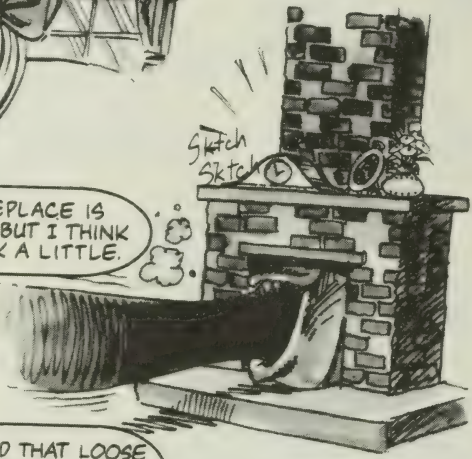






SO BILL'S GOT TO
COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY,
HAS HE?

THIS FIREPLACE IS
NARROW, BUT I THINK
I CAN KICK A LITTLE.



Sketch
Sketch

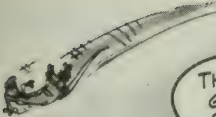
MIND THAT LOOSE
SLATE, BILL! CAN
YOU HEAR ME?



I THINK
I'VE GOT
IT, SIR!



YOW!

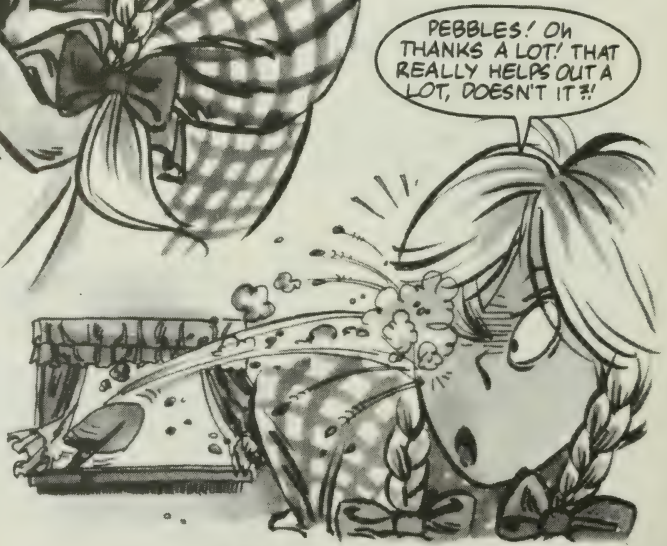


THERE
GOES
BILL!

SHALL
WE...

BURN
THE HOUSE
DOWN?

IF YOU DO,
I'LL SET MY
CAT, DINAH,
AFTER YOU!





I'M HUNGRY AGAIN.
THESE PEBBLES LOOK
FAINTLY EDIBLE... LIKE
...LITTLE CAKES!

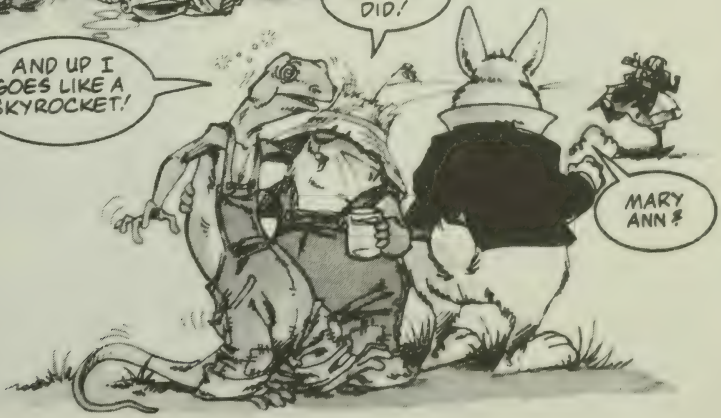
I WAS
WRONG.



BUT NOW I'M
SMALL ENOUGH TO
GO THROUGH
THE DOOR!

AND UP I
GOES LIKE A
SKYROCKET!

SO YOU
DID!



MARY
ANN #



Um, I HARDLY
KNOW, SIR. I KNOW WHO
I WAS WHEN I GOT UP
THIS MORNING, BUT WHO
KNOWS WHO I
AM NOW?

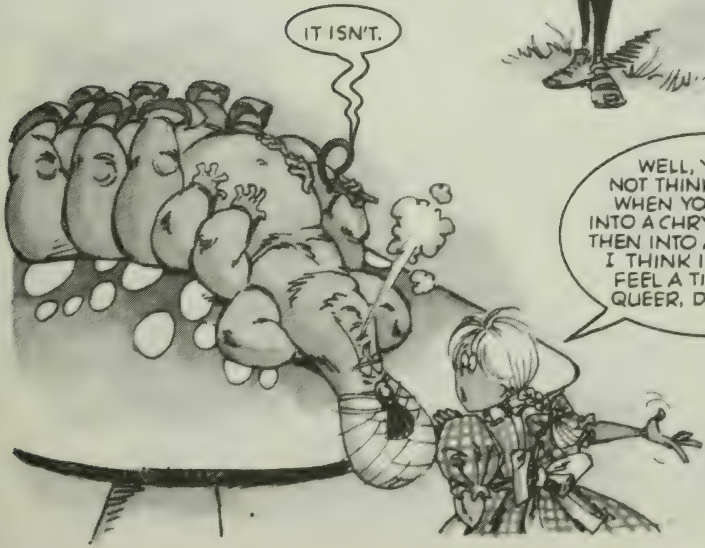




I CAN'T PUT IT MORE CLEARLY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF. BEING SO MANY SIZES IN ONE DAY IS VERY CONFUSING.



IT ISN'T.



NO.

WELL, IT
WOULD FEEL
QUEER
TO ME,

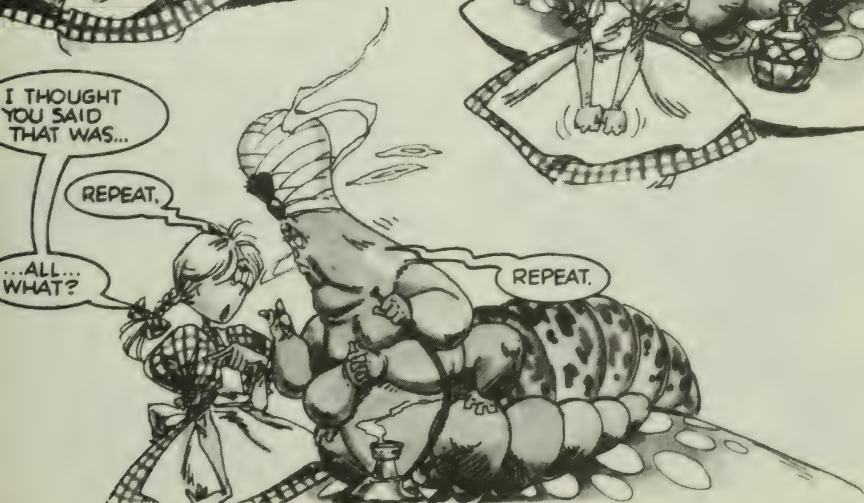
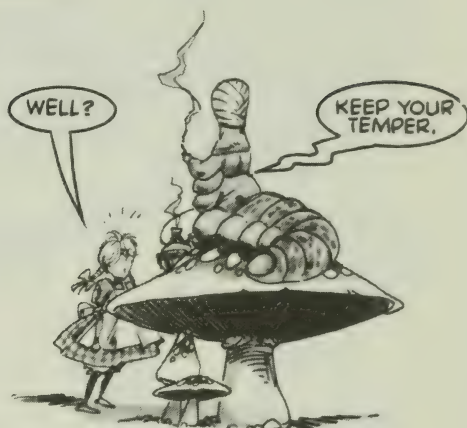
YOU?
WHO ARE
YOU?

HOW
STUPID!

WHAT AN
UNSATISFACTORY,
RUDE AND
RIDICULOUS
CREATURE!

WAIT! I
HAVE SOMETHING
TERRIBLY
IMPORTANT TO
SAY!

Oh, RATS!
WHAT DOES
HE WANT
NOW?



Oh, SURE, WHY
NOT? ANYTHING PAR-
TICULAR YOU'D LIKE?
CHARGE OF THE
LIGHT BRIGADE? THE
ILIAD? GILGAMESH?

REPEAT
"YOU ARE OLD,
FATHER
WILLIAM."



"You are old, Father William," the
young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on
your head--

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William
replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure
the brain,

But now that I'm perfectly
sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again."





"You are old," said the youth,
 "as I mentioned before,
 And have grown most
 uncommonly fat;
 Yet you turned a back-
 somersault in at the door--
 Pray, what is the reason of
 that?"

"In my youth," said the sage,
 as he shook his grey locks,
 "I kept all my limbs very supple
 By use of this ointment--one
 shilling the box--
 Allow me to sell you a couple?"

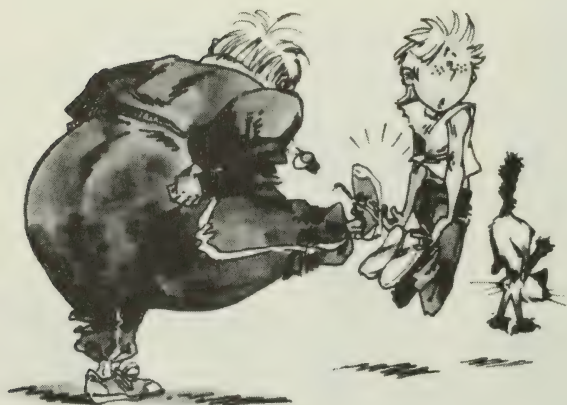


"You are old," said the youth,
 "and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet;
 Yet you finished the goose,
 with the bones and the beak--
 Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

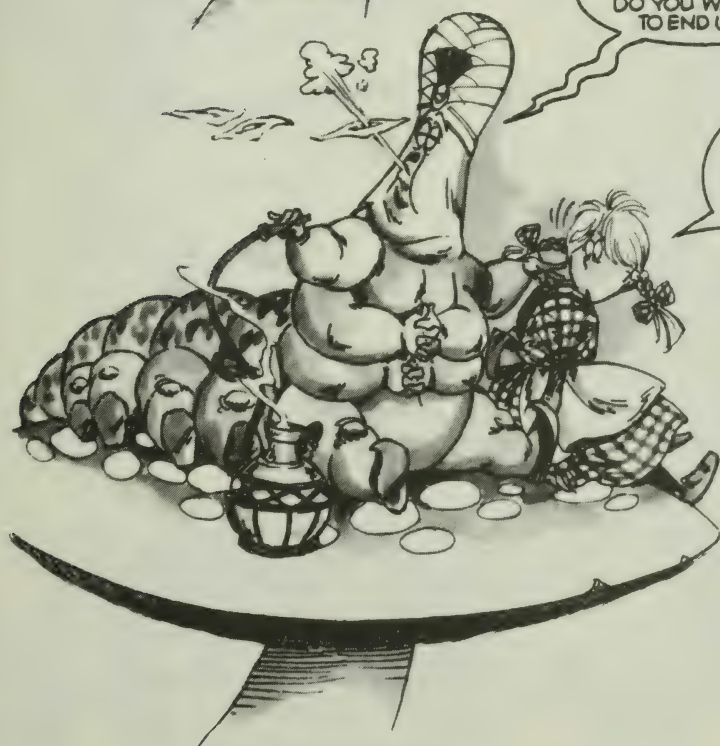
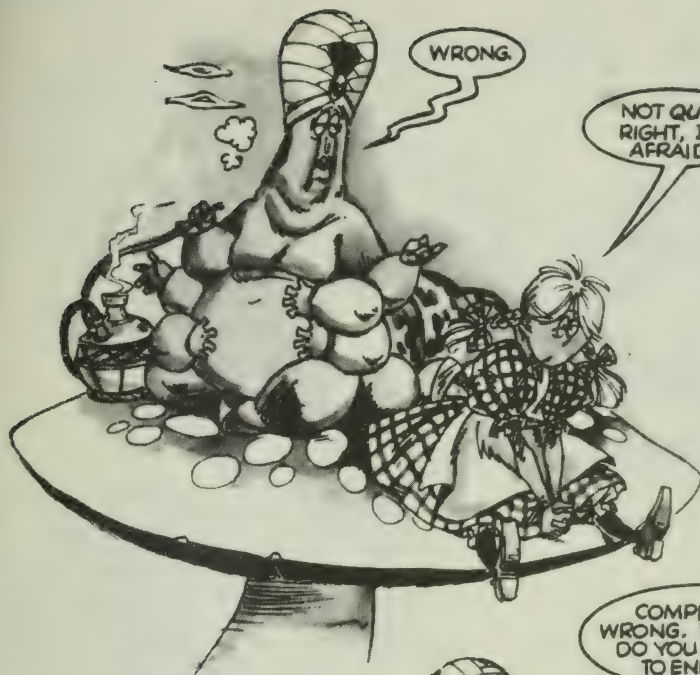


"In my youth," said his father, "I took
to the law
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which
it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth,
"one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady
as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on
the end of your nose--
What made you so awfully clever?"

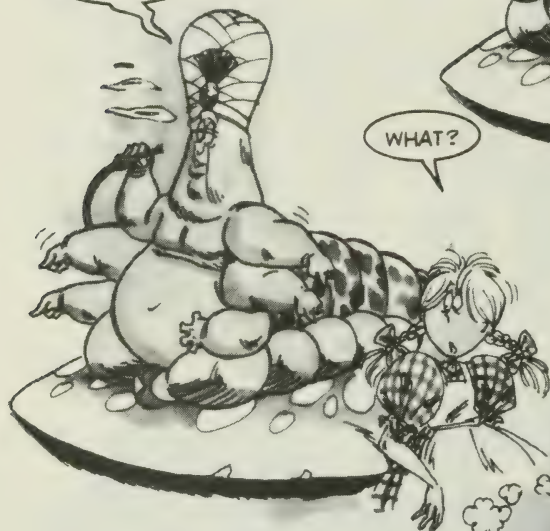


"I have answered three
questions, and that
is enough,"
Said his father; "Don't
give yourself airs!
Do you think I can
listen all day to
such stuff?
Be off or I'll kick you
down stairs!"





ONE SIDE WILL
MAKE YOU GROW
TALLER, AND THE
OTHER SIDE WILL
MAKE YOU GROW
SHORTER.

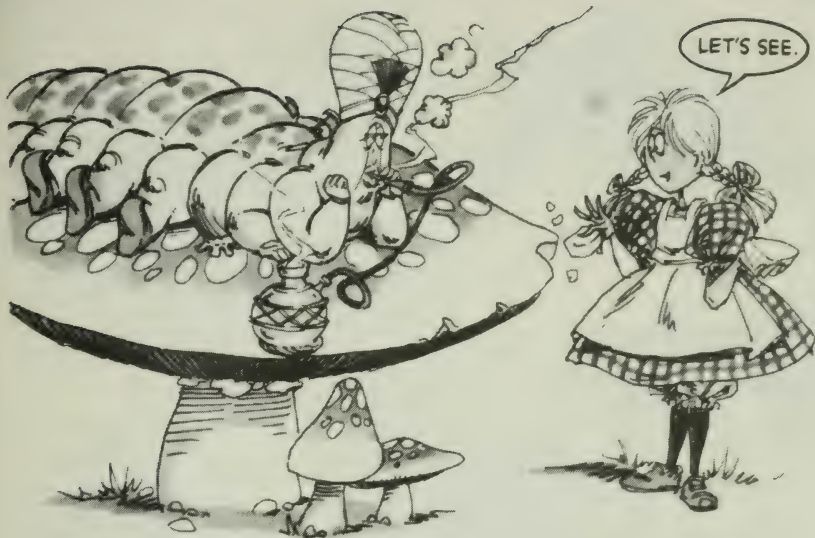


WHAT?

OF THE
MUSHROOM.



REALLY?





ACTUALLY,
THIS IS
PRETTY
NICE.



ALICE.

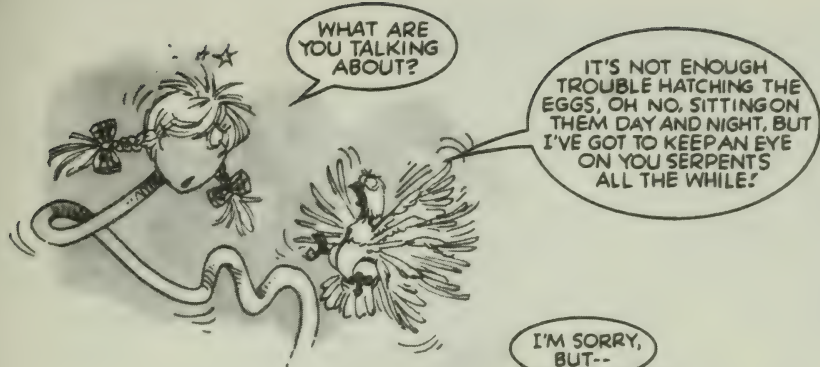


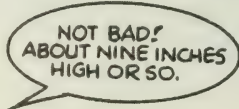
SERPENT!
ACK!
SERPENT!

LEAVE
ME
ALONE!



SERPENT!
I'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING,
BUT NOTHING
SUITS YOU,
DOES IT?







WHERE'S HE GOING?

DUCHESS. DUCHESS. DUCHESS.

FOR THE DUCHESS. AN INVITATION FROM THE QUEEN TO PLAY CROQUET.

FROM THE QUEEN. AN INVITATION FOR THE DUCHESS TO PLAY CROQUET.

YES.

YES.



HOW
RIDICULOUS! BUT I
MAY AS WELL SEE IF
THERE'S ANYONE
INSIDE WHO CAN
HELP ME.



THERE'S NO USE
IN KNOCKING, AND FOR
TWO SIMPLE REASONS.
NUMBER ONE, I'M ON THE
SAME SIDE OF THE DOOR
AS YOU ARE.

NUMBER TWO,
THEY'RE MAKING
SUCH A NOISE
INSIDE THAT NO ONE
COULD POSSIBLY
HEAR YOU.



BUT...

NOW, IF WE HAD A DOOR BETWEEN US, IT MIGHT BE SOME HELP. I COULD LET YOU IN OR OUT, CONVERSELY. BUT THERE ISN'T, SO THERE AIN'T.

BUT HOW AM I TO GET IN?

I SHALL SIT HERE, YOU KNOW, 'TIL TOMORROW!

OR NEXT DAY, MAYBE.

BUT HOW AM I TO GET IN??

ARE YOU TO GET IN AT ALL??







DON'T YOU
THINK THERE'S
TOO MUCH
PEPPER IN
THAT SOUP?

IF EVERYBODY
MINDED THEIR OWN
BUSINESS, THE WORLD
WOULD GO AROUND
A LOT FASTER
THAN IT DOES!

PEPPER!

WHICH,
PARDON ME,
A--

TO WIT,
E.G. IN PLAIN
LANGUAGE, IN
FACT, UPON
REFLECTION...



--WHICH WOULD NOT BE AN A-A-A-ADVANTAGE! BEG PARDON.

MILLI!

LISTEN, THE EARTH TAKES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO GO 'ROUND ON ITS AXIS...

TALKING OF AXES, CHOP OFF HER HEAD!

...TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, OR IS IT TWELVE?

OOOOOOOO!

I NEVER COULD ABIDE FIGURES!



SPEAK ROUGHLY TO
YOUR LITTLE BOY,
AND BEAT HIM WHEN
HE SNEEZES:
HE ONLY DOES IT TO
ANNOY,
BECAUSE HE KNOWS
IT TEASES.

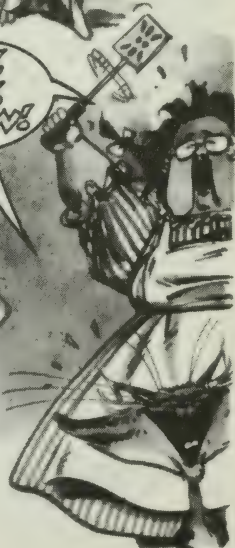
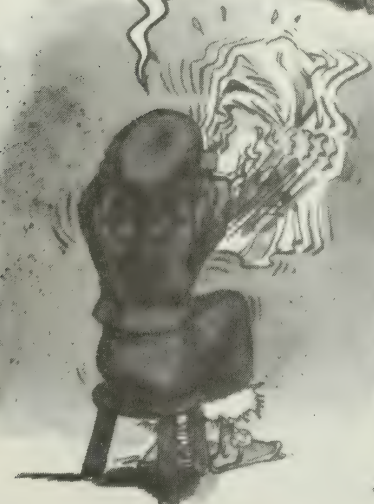
WHAT A
DELIGHTFUL
SONG, BUT I
WONDER IF...

I SPEAK SEVERELY
TO MY BOY,
I BEAT HIM WHEN
HE SNEEZES;
FOR HE CAN THOROUGHLY
ENJOY
THE PEPPER WHEN
HE PLEASES!

WOW!
WOW!
WOW!



WOW!
WOW!
WOW!



U. UU.
UUU.

DON'T GRUNT,
DEAR, THAT'S NOT
PROPER.

WELL, NOW
THAT YOU'RE A PIG,
I REALLY NEEDN'T
BOTHR WITH
YOU ANYMORE.

UU. UU.
UU.

IT WAS A
DREADFULLY
UGLY CHILD, BUT
QUITE A
HANDSOME PIG,
I THINK.

IT'S THE
CHESHIRE CAT!
PLEASE, MR. CAT,
WHICH WAY SHOULD
I GO FROM
HERE?



Oh, I
DON'T MUCH
CARE
WHERE...

THAT DEPENDS
ON WHERE
YOU WANT
TO GET TO.

THEN IT
DOESN'T MATTER
WHICH WAY YOU
GO.

Oh, YOU'RE
SURE TO DO THAT,
EVENTUALLY.

...SO LONG
AS I GET
SOMEWHERE.



WELL, WHAT
SORT OF PEOPLE
LIVE AROUND
HERE?

IN THAT
DIRECTION LIVES A
HATTER. AND IN THAT
DIRECTION LIVES A
MARCH HARE. VISIT
EITHER YOU LIKE.
THEY'RE BOTH
MAD.





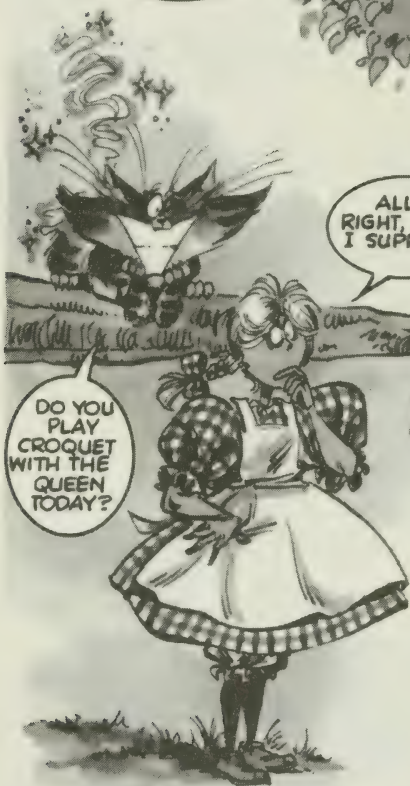
BUT I DON'T
WANT TO VISIT
MAD PEOPLE.

BUT YOU
CAN'T HELP IT,
WE'RE ALL MAD
HERE. I'M MAD;
YOU'RE
MAD.

I'M NOT
MAD?

YOU
MUST BE, OR
YOU WOULDN'T
BE HERE.

ALL
RIGHT, WELL,
I SUPPOSE--



DO YOU
PLAY
CROQUET
WITH THE
QUEEN
TODAY?

I'D LIKE
TO, BUT I HAVEN'T
BEEN INVITED
YET.

YOU'LL
SEE ME
THERE. ♡







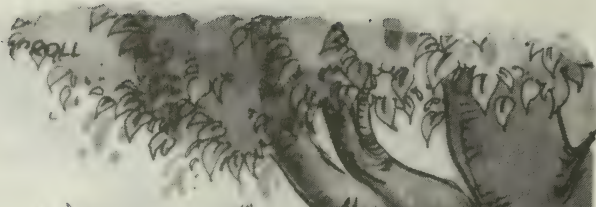


HOW'S
THIS?

WELL, I'VE
OFTEN SEEN A CAT
WITHOUT A GRIN, BUT
A GRIN WITHOUT A
CAT! IT'S THE MOST
CURIOUS THING...

YOU
LIKE
IT?

...BUT ANYWAY,
I THINK I'LL GO AND
SEE THE MARCH HARE,
AND PERHAPS AS
THIS IS MAY, IT WON'T
BE RAVING MAD,
AFTER ALL.



NO ROOM!
NO ROOM!



?

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
ROOM.





WHY IS A
RAVEN LIKE A
WRITING
DESK?

Oh! I
THINK I
CAN GUESS
THAT!

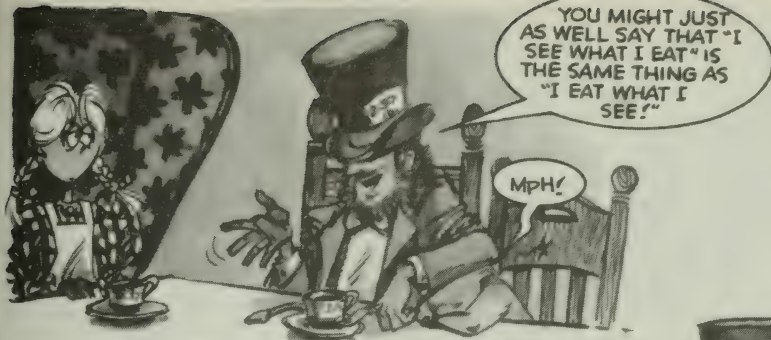
DO YOU MEAN
YOU THINK YOU
CAN FIND OUT
THE ANSWER
TO IT?

YES.

THEN
YOU SHOULD
SAY WHAT
YOU
MEAN!

IT'S THE
SAME
THING--

NO IT ISN'T.



YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL SAY THAT "I LIKE WHAT I GET" IS THE SAME THING AS "I GET WHAT I LIKE!"



RAVENS...
Hmm, LET'S SEE,
RAVENS...





WHAT DAY
OF THE MONTH
IS IT?

THE FOURTH.

TWO DAYS
WRONG!

I TOLD YOU
BUTTER WOULDN'T
SUIT THE WORKS!

BUTTER.

IT WAS
THE BEST
BUTTER!

YES, BUT
SOME CRUMBS
MUST HAVE
GOT IN AS
WELL.

C'ÉTAIT TOUT
CE QU'IL Y AVAIT
DE PLUS FIN EN
BEURRE...







Twinkle, twinkle,
twinkle, twinkle,
& twink--

SO THE
SONG WAS FINISHED
SO THE QUEEN SAID
I WAS MURDERING
THE TIME SO NOW
IT'S ALWAYS TEA
TIME!!!

Ulp...

HAVE SOME
WINE?

Shh! GO
BACK TO
SLEEP.



YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T TAKE LESS. IT'S VERY EASY TO TAKE MORE THAN NOTHING.



WELL,
ACTUALLY, NOW
THAT YOU
MENTION IT, I
DON'T THINK...

THEN
YOU SHOULDN'T
TALK!

WHAT??
HOW DARE
YOU! I'M
LEAVING!

TWIZEZ...
KINZZ...ZZZZZ...

HEY!

WHAT
WRETCHED
PEOPLE!







Oh, well.
CAN YOU PLAY
CROQUET, OR
WOULD YOU RATHER
BE BEHEADED?

ACTUALLY,
I LOVE CROQUET,
I ADORE IT, I--

LEAVE OFF!
GIVE HER A Mallet
AND TAKE OFF THE
GARDENER'S HEAD.

Oh, OFF
WITH HIS HEAD,
AS WELL.

YOURS, TOO.

IT'S...
IT'S A VERY
FINE DAY.

AND
HIS.

VERY.
WHERE'S THE
DUCHESS?

SHE'S UNDER
SENTENCE OF
EXECUTION.

WHAT A
SURPRISE.

DID YOU
SAY, "WHAT A
PITY?"

NO, I
DIDN'T.

WELL,
SHE CAME
RATHER LATE, AND
THE QUEEN
SAID--

GET
TO YOUR
PLACES!

THIS IS
A CROQUET
GROUND?

THIS IS A
MALLET?

OFF WITH
HIS HEAD! OFF
WITH HER
HEAD!

I WONDER
IF I CAN ESCAPE
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN?

HELLO.

THANK
GOODNESS!
NOW I'LL HAVE
SOMEONE TO
TALK TO!

HOW ARE
YOU GETTING
ON?

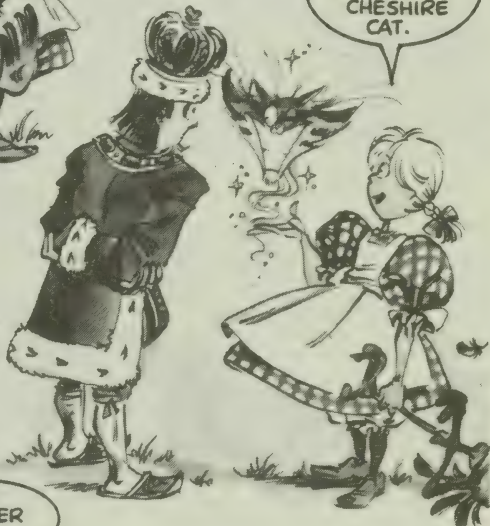
I DON'T THINK
IT'S FAIR. EVERYONE'S
ARGUING AND
QUARRELING, AND THE
QUEEN, AND I'M ACTU-
ALLY, AT THIS MOMENT,
HOLDING A FLAMINGO
UNDER MY ARM.

KEEK





WHO ARE
YOU TALKING
TO, MY CHILD?



IT'S A
FRIEND OF
MINE, THE
CHESHIRE
CAT.



I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOK
OF IT AT ALL.
HOWEVER, IT MAY
KISS MY HAND
IF IT LIKES.

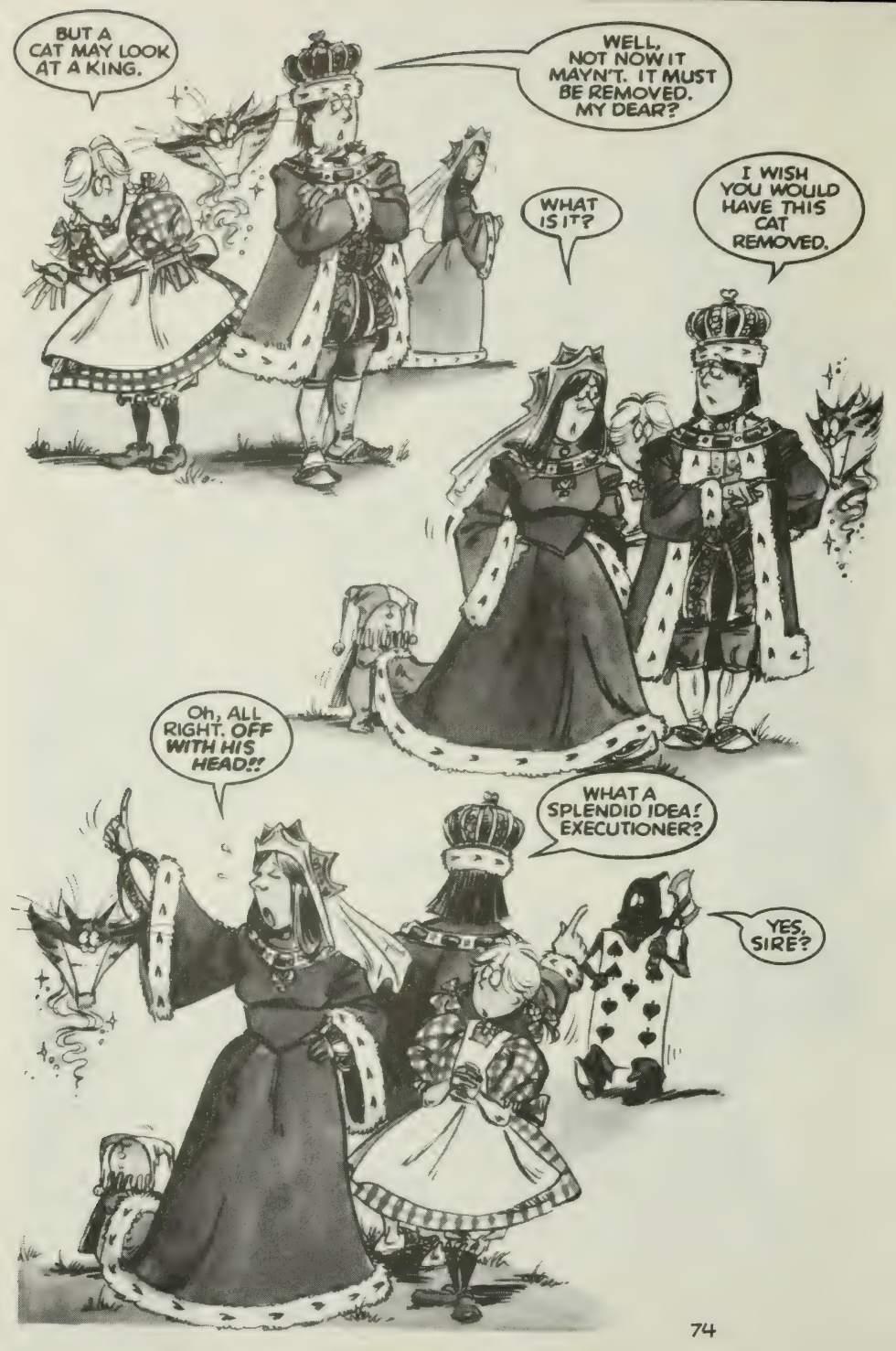


I'D
RATHER
NOT.



Oh, DON'T
BE IMPERTINENT.
AND STOP LOOKING
AT ME!





BUT A
CAT MAY LOOK
AT A KING.

WELL,
NOT NOW IT
MAYN'T. IT MUST
BE REMOVED.
MY DEAR?

WHAT
IS IT?

I WISH
YOU WOULD
HAVE THIS
CAT
REMOVED.

Oh, ALL
RIGHT. OFF
WITH HIS
HEAD!!

WHAT A
SPLENDID IDEA!
EXECUTIONER?

YES,
SIRE?

BEHEAD THIS,
PLEASE.

I'M
SORRY, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE,
SIRE.

WHAT?

IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE
TO CUT OFF A
HEAD UNLESS
THERE'S A
BODY TO CUT
IT OFF
FROM.

WELL, IF
SOMETHING ISN'T
DONE ABOUT IT NOW,
EV-ER-Y-ONE WILL
BE BEHEADED. PERIOD.

Ah.

NO NO NO
NO NO. IN MY VIEW,
ANYTHING THAT HAS
A HEAD CAN BE
BEHEADED. DON'T
TALK NONSENSE.



WELL?
IS THE HEAD
OFF?

Er.

THE HEAD IS
GONE, ANYWAY,
YOUR MAJESTY.

GOOD!
GET BACK TO
YOUR PLACES!
I WANT TO
WIN!

YOU CAN'T
THINK HOW GLAD
I AM TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, YOU DEAR
OLD THING!

EEEEK!

YOU'RE THINKING,
MY DEAR, AND THAT MAKES
YOU FORGET TO TALK. AND
THE MORAL OF THAT IS,
"O, 'TIS LOVE, 'TIS LOVE,
THAT MAKES THE WORLD
GO ROUND."

HOOB!

SOMEBODY
ONCE SAID IT'S
DONE BY EVERYBODY
MINDING THEIR
OWN BUSINESS.



AH, WELL,
IT MEANS MUCH
THE SAME THING,
YOU LITTLE
CABBAGE?

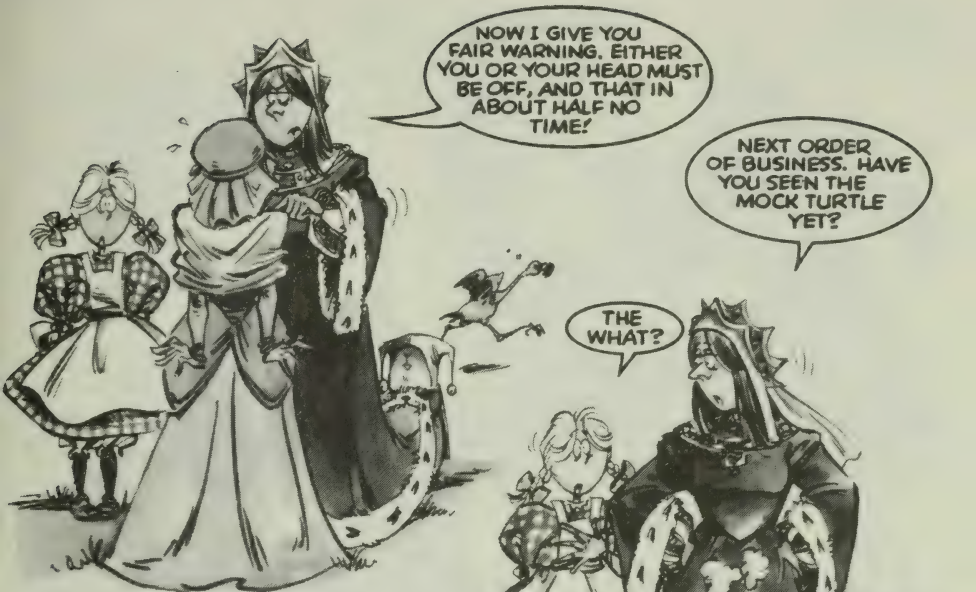


AND THE
MORAL OF THAT IS,
"BE WHAT YOU WOULD SEEM
TO BE," OR, MORE SIMPLY,
"NEVER IMAGINE YOURSELF NOT
TO BE OTHERWISE THAN WHAT
IT MIGHT APPEAR TO OTHERS
THAT WHAT YOU WERE OR MIGHT
HAVE BEEN WAS NOT OTHER-
WISE THAN WHAT YOU HAD
BEEN WOULD HAVE
APPEARED TO THEM
TO BE
OTHERWISE."

WHAT?

AND THE
M...*





UP! GET
UP! YOU
LAZY...

UHP!

IT'S PERFECTLY
SAFE. TRUST ME. I'M
GOING BACK TO THE
GAME AND LOOK
AFTER SOME VIOLENT
EXECUTIONS
I'VE ORDERED.

UM...

HJCKRRH!
WHAT FUN?

WHA...
WHAT IS THE
FUN?

THE QUEEN!
THEY NEVER
EXECUTES
NOBODY!
COME ON!

≥Uh huh snff
huh≤

THE
YOUNG
LADY
WANTS
TO KNOW
YOUR
HISTORY.

I DO?

I'LL TELL
IT TO HER.
≥Sniff≤

ONCE...
I WAS A REAL
TURTLE.



THANK
YOU VERY
MUCH FOR YOUR
INTERESTING
STORY.

SIT DOWN!
IT'S NOT HALF
OVER YET!



WHEN WE
WERE LITTLE,
WE WENT TO
SCHOOL IN
THE SEA.

THE MASTER
WAS AN OLD TURTLE.
WE USED TO CALL
HIM TORTOISE.

WHY DID
YOU CALL HIM
TORTOISE IF
HE WASN'T
ONE?

HOW
STUPID!

WE CALLED HIM
HIM TORTOISE BECAUSE
HE TAUGHT US. REALLY,
YOU ARE VERY DULL. AND
WE WENT TO SCHOOL IN
THE SEA, THOUGH YOU
DON'T BELIEVE IT...



AND THEN
MYSTERY, ANCIENT
AND MODERN...

...AND
SEOGRAPHY...



...AND
DRAWLING, AND
STRETCHING,
AND FAINTING
IN COILS...

WHAT
WAS THAT
LIKE?



Oh, HADDOCKS!
I'M TOO OLD TO
SHOW THAT
ANYMORE.



I WENT TO
THE CLASSICAL
MASTER, THOUGH.
HE WAS AN OLD
CRAB, HE WAS.



WEE!
I'M BACK!



THAT
HE DID.

HE TAUGHT
LAUGHING AND
GRIEF, THEY
USED TO SAY.

HOW MUCH
OF THAT DID
YOU HAVE TO
LEARN?

TEN HOURS
THE FIRST DAY,
NINE THE NEXT,
AND SO ON.

THAT
DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE.

YES IT DOES.
THAT'S THE REASON
THEY'RE CALLED
LESSONS. BECAUSE
THEY LESSEN FROM
DAY TO DAY.

I'M GETTING
USED TO IT.

I'M STILL
WET, IN CASE
YOU'RE
INTERESTED.

THEN
THE ELEVENTH
DAY WAS A
HOLIDAY?

EXACTLY.



THAT'S
ENOUGH ABOUT
LESSONS. GO
ON.

WHAT HAPPENED
ON THE TWELFTH?



YOU
MIGHT NOT
HAVE LIVED
UNDER
THE SEA...

NOT MUCH.

AND YOU'VE
PROBABLY NEVER
EVEN MET A
LOBSTER...

I'VE
OFTEN SEEN
THEM AT
DINN...



I DON'T KNOW
WHERE DINN MAY BE,
BUT IN ANY CASE YOU
CAN'T HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT A DELIGHTFUL
THING A LOBSTER-
QUADRILLE IS.

NO, WHAT
SORT OF DANCE
IS IT?

FIRST FORM
A LINE ON THE
SEASHORE.

TWO
LINES!

YOU
ADVANCE
TWICE!

EACH
WITH A LOBSTER
AS A PARTNER!

CHANGE
LOBSTERS AND
RETIRE IN THE
SAME ORDER!

EEEK!

THEN
YOU THROW
THE...

...THE
LOBSTERS!!



SHALL
WE DO IT...
FORMALLY?

I...I
SUPPOSE.

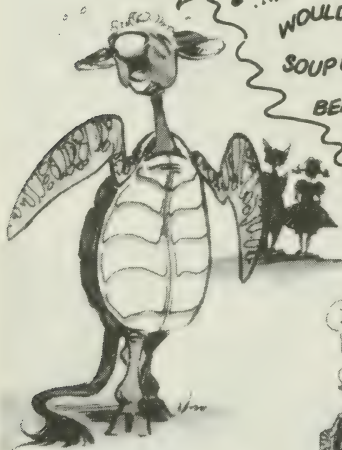
GREAT!
SHALL I
SING?

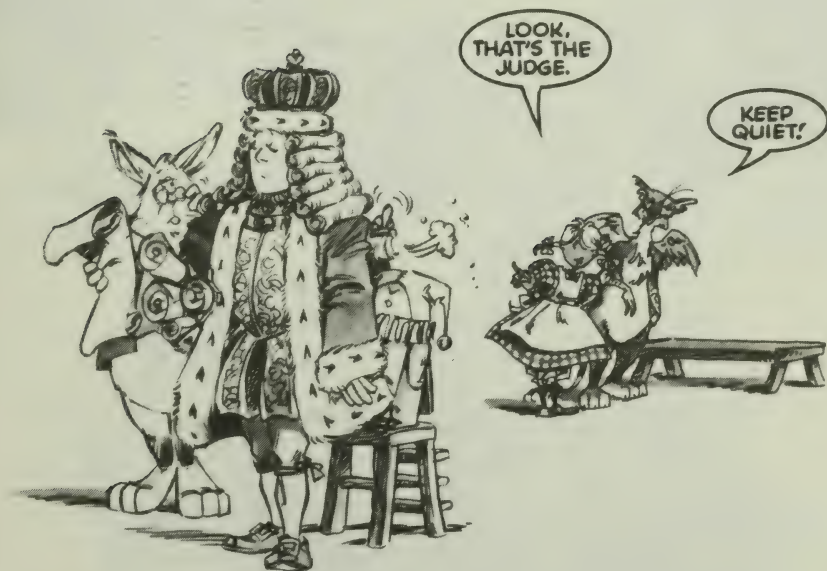
NO, LET ME. ♪
BEAUTIFUL SOUP,
SO RICH AND GREEN, ♪
WAITING IN A HOT
TUREEN... ♪



♪...WHO FOR SUCH DAINITIES
WOULD NOT STOOP? ♪
SOUP OF THE EVENING,
BEAUTIFUL SOUP! ♪
BEAU-ootiful
SOO-oot! ♪

OH! THE
TRIAL'S BEGINNING!
COME ON!







AND THOSE, I SUPPOSE, ARE THE JURORS.

JURORS! HA!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY WRITING DOWN? THE TRIAL HASN'T BEGUN YET!

THEIR NAMES.



Bill.

Mike.

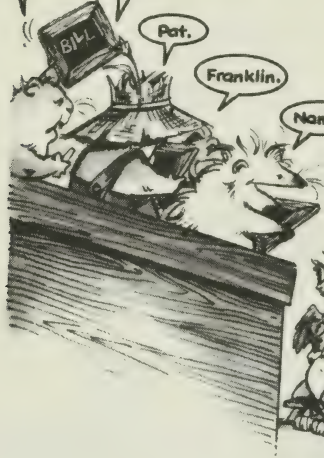
Pat.

Franklin.

Name.



SO THAT THEY WON'T FORGET THEM BEFORE THE END OF THE TRIAL!

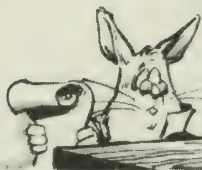


STUPID THINGS!

SILENCE! HERALD, READ THE ACCUSATION!



Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Name.





THE QUEEN OF HEARTS,
SHE BAKED SOME TARTS.
ALL IN A SUMMER'S
DAY.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS,
HE STOLE THOSE TARTS,
AND TOOK THEM
QUITE AWAY.

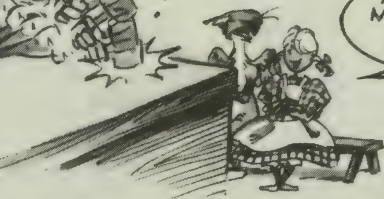


JURORS,
CONSIDER YOUR
VERDICT.



JURORS!
HA!

AND THAT
MUST BE THE
DEFENCE
COUNCIL!



STOP
GROWING!
YOU'RE
SQUEEZING
ME!

I CAN'T
HELP IT!





I SELL THEM.
I DON'T HAVE ANY
OF MY OWN.



THEN PLEASE
GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE,
SIR, AND PLEASE
DON'T BE NERVOUS,
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE.

OR
I'LL HAVE YOU
EXECUTED.

EX... EX...
EX... EX...



I'M, I'M A POOR
MAN, YOUR MAJESTY,
AND I HADN'T BEGUN
MY TEA, NOT FOR A WEEK
OR SO, ANYWAY, AND WITH
THE BREAD AND BUTTER
GETTING SO THIN, AND
THE TWINKLING OF
THE TEA...



THE
TWINKLING
OF WHAT?

IT BEGAN
WITH THE
TEA...



I KNOW THAT
TWINKLING BEGINS
WITH A T!
HOW STUPID DO
YOU THINK
I AM?



WELL...

CONTINUE!



I'M A POOR
MAN, AND MOST
THINGS TWINKLED
AFTER THAT, ONLY
THE MARCH HARE
SAID...

I DIDN'T!
I DENY IT!



HE DENIES
IT. LEAVE OUT
THAT PART.



AND AFTER
ALL THAT, I DON'T
RECALL.

Oh YOU
MUST REMEMBER,
OR I'LL HAVE YOU
EXECUTED.



YAY!

SUPPRESS
THAT GUINEA PIG!
OFF WITH HIS
WHISKERS!



NO PROBLEM,
YOUR MAJESTY.

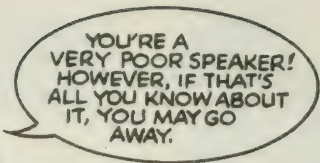
I'M GLAD
I'VE SEEN THAT
DONE.

I USED TO WONDER
WHAT IT MEANT WHEN THE
PAPERS SAID, "THERE WAS
SOME ATTEMPT AT APPLAUSE
WHICH WAS SUPPRESSED
BY THE OFFICERS OF
THE COURT."



HEAVENS,
BE QUIET!







Oh, PLEASE, PLEASE! PICK THOSE UP AND PUT THEM BACK WHERE YOU FOUND THEM.



NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS BUSINESS?





NOTHING.

NOTHING...
AT ALL?

UNIMPORTANT,
YOUR MAJESTY
MEANS, OF
COURSE.



NOTHING.
AT ALL.

THAT'S VERY
IMPORTANT.

OH!
UNIMPORTANT,
OF COURSE, I
MEANT.

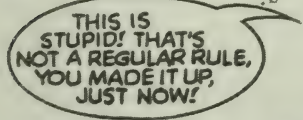
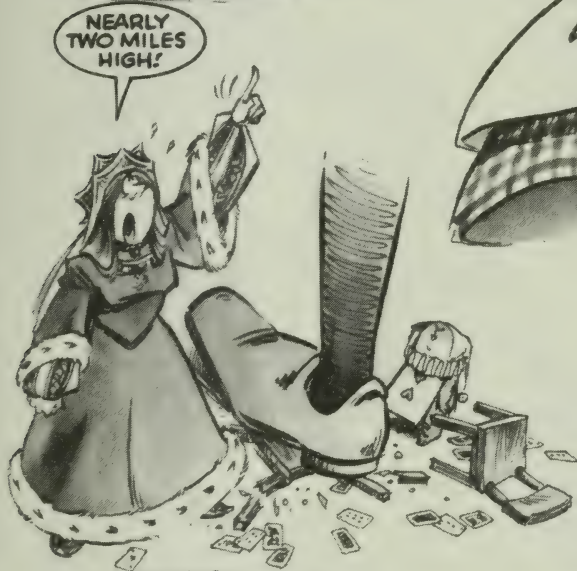


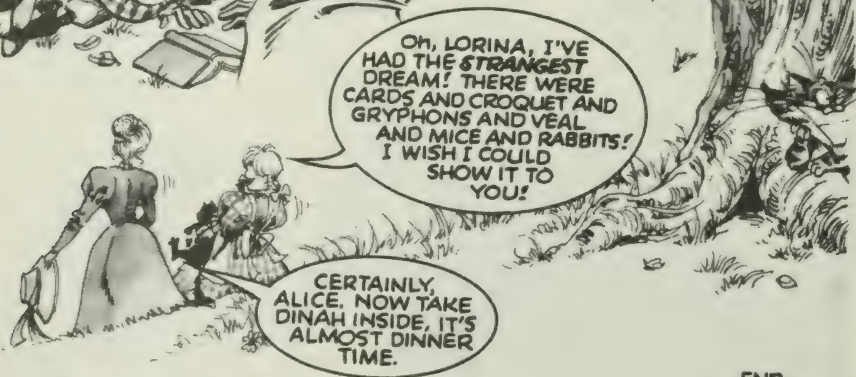
IMPORTANT.

UNIMPORTANT.

UNIMPORTANT.

IMPORTANT.





CERTAINLY, ALICE, NOW TAKE DINAH INSIDE, IT'S ALMOST DINNER TIME.

END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Some writers use a *pen name*, a name made up just to list as the author of their writings. "Lewis Carroll" was the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Dodgson was born in Cheshire, England in 1832. He taught at Christ Church College. He also was a photographer, and he loved taking pictures of children. He wrote very sensible books about math and very nonsensical poems, including his famous "Jabberwocky". He died in 1898, but over a hundred years later people are not only still reading his stories but there are even groups that specialize in studying his work.

ABOUT ALICE

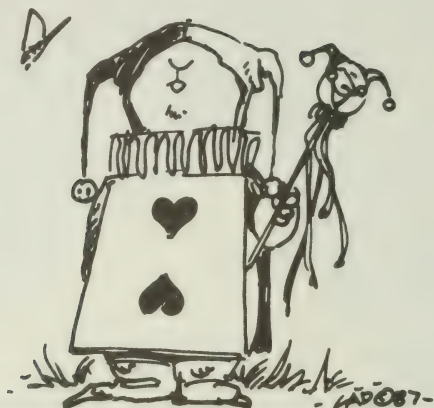
The character of Alice is based on a girl that Dodgson knew named Alice Liddell. Alice's father was the dean at the college where Dodgson taught. Dodgson told stories to Alice and her two sisters. In 1862, he made *Alice's Adventures under Ground*, a book of these stories specially as a gift for these girls. He changed the story a bit and renamed it *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. This book was released to the reading public in 1862. Readers loved the book. In 1872, Dodgson released a second Alice book, *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Saw There*.



ALICE ALL OVER

In the years since *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was published, there have been hundreds of different editions of the book. Many of them reuse the same printing, but that were in the original drawings. Alice has also inspired many artists to create new illustrations in their own styles. A lot of the fun of the book is based on making fun of certain English words, so it's hard to translate into foreign languages. Still, it has been translated into dozens of languages. There have been both live-action and animated Alice movies, and the stories of Alice have also been turned into TV shows, stage plays, video games, and even comic books.





ABOUT THE ARTIST

Lela Dowling has been a regular contributor to the field of fantasy, science fiction and comic art since 1976. Her pen and ink style, often embellished with watercolor, is primarily influenced by the English Illustrator Arthur Rackham and "Pogo" cartoonist Walt Kelly. Unable (or unwilling) to write her own material, she relies on dead writers and poets to provide the vehicle for her humorous illustration. Over the years Lela has tried her hand at fine art prints, portfolios, comics, book illustration, cartooning, computer animation, conceptual art, and even scrimshaw. A freelance commercial artist, she resides in Northern California with one houseplant, a lot of old-fashioned art supplies, and a computer possessed by evil elves.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALICE?
DID YOU LIKE THE STORY? THE
ART? SHOULD WE DO ANOTHER
GRAPHIC NOVEL ABOUT ALICE
AND HER ADVENTURES?

LET US KNOW!

SEND AN EMAIL TO
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ABOUT
COMICS



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